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A STAB AT THE CHURCH.

The Minister (with severity): AND SO YOU DO NOT BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU LEARN AT SUNDAY-SCHOOL, RICHARD?

Richard: NO, SIR; NOT EVERYTHING.

The Minister: MY LITTLE BOY DOES.

Richard: YES, SIR. I SUPPOSE YOUR LITTLE BOY HAS TO.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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AT last the world of letters has been provided with an argument whereby it may reach the Anglophobists of Congress on the International Copyright bill. An English author of standing has written to the *London Times*, warning the English public that the effect of international copyright will be to make New York the literary centre of the English speaking and reading world. He argues that, did a copyright law such as is contemplated in the bill at present before Congress exist, all books would be printed in New York instead of in London, since the market for literature is so much greater in America than in England. This author professes to believe that England is being duped by a smart Yankee trick into co-operating with America to obtain international copyright, and he informs his fellow-authors that the real issue is not whether the Americans shall continue to rob the few whose works are pirated in this country, but whether English letters shall centre in the Western metropolis, or retain their present *locale*.

AND in connection with this subject, "Robert Elsmere" takes a new lease of life, and attains additional fame. The English newspapers are citing the case of Mrs. Humphry Ward in support of the bill. Mr. Smalley writes to the *Tribune*:

"Among several cases recently commented on here, 'Robert Elsmere' is the most striking. Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel has sold enormously in America, and her fair proportion of profits would be many thousand dollars. She has, I believe, received \$500 from the authorized reprint, and nothing, of course, from the pirates. American gallantry to women, so often praised, does not seem to prevent us from robbing a woman to whom we owe the chief literary debt of the year; but as she is only an Englishwoman, it does not matter."

Mr. Smalley is right. We do owe to Mrs. Ward the chief literary debt of the year, and the chief moral debt, perhaps, of the decade. "Robert Elsmere" has given an impetus to sound thought such as it is seldom the fortune of the novelist to create. Mrs. Ward's art has impressed on those who have hitherto refused to think on ecclesiastical matters that the abandonment of theological dogma does not necessarily mean to relinquish religious thought or to cease to strive for a purer and better life. "Robert Elsmere" is

a plea for that best of all religions—The Religion of Humanity.

TO return to the international copyright matter, however, there is nothing to say upon the moral side that has not already been said. James Russell Lowell epitomized the matter when he said that a book honestly come by is better than a cheap book. If our legislators cannot take this view of the matter, there is little use in discussing the measure at present before Congress.

AS we have said before, the law ought to take cognizance of spiritualism. Following upon the famous case of an eminent lawyer taken possession of and robbed in his dotage by a designing woman, comes a similar instance, this time the victim being a well-known business man, who in other respects is a man of unusual sagacity. It was through the love of the father for a departed son that the victim was played upon this time; and, as in the other case, the dupe was soon entirely under the influence of the swindler. It was argued, in the case of Mr. Marsh, who had no near relatives and no dependents, that he ought to be allowed to exist in his fool's paradise, since the greatest delight of his old age was in his delusion. In the case that has been more recently made public, the danger is sufficiently demonstrated of permitting the spiritualists to use their wiles unchecked, since the disruption of a home has been the result. And, more than this, the influence of spiritualism upon young and weak-minded people is pernicious, and conducive to immorality and to insanity. One needs but to regard the personnel of the spiritualist legion to be convinced how unwholesome and unclean the movement is.

CONGRESSMAN FORD, the Chairman of the Committee of the House of Representatives that has been investigating the subject of immigration, has introduced a bill which he declares will shrink the volume of immigration to these shores by 150,000 annually. However the bill may be modified before it is passed, and it ought to be modified in certain directions, its basilar principle, the exclusion of paupers, insane persons, criminals, anarchists, socialists, and all persons who refuse to support the Constitution of the United States, is sound. The socialist newspapers pretend to be indignant because the socialists are classed with the anarchists; but it is worth bearing in mind that nine-tenths of the socialists in America sided with the anarchists instead of with law and order during the recent agitation brought about by the Haymarket massacre. Anarchism and socialism have too much in common for America to take the risk that the disciples of the latter will make good citizens if permitted to take up their abode among us.



IN CHICAGO.

Mr. A. (to young friend whom he has not seen for two years): EH—HOW'S THIS, TOM? CONGRATULATIONS, OLD BOY!

Tom (reddening): H'M! WELL, THE—ER—FACT IS IT'S ABOUT THREE MONTHS NOW SINCE MY WIFE GOT A DIVORCE FROM THE GENTLEMAN WHO SHOULD BE CONGRATULATED FOR *this*.

LENGTH AND BREADTH.

HE: My views on Social Reform are quoted in full.

SHE: Wasn't it a very long speech you made?

HE: Why, no; I wasn't aware of saying very much.

SHE: N-no, you didn't say very much. I was referring to the length of the speech.

IT HAD BEEN THE ROUNDS.

MISS CLARA: Is that a new ring you have on, Ethel? It strikes me I have seen it before.

MISS ETHEL (blushing): Yes, Clara; young Mr. Paperwate presented it to me last night. I have accepted him.

MISS CLARA: Oh, indeed! I'm so glad. Accept my best wishes. I thought that ring looked strangely familiar.

A GLASS EYE has one compensation—everybody else can see through the device, if the wearer can't.

A MAN convinced (by his wife) against his will, is of the same opinion still—mighty still.



"HOT SCOTCH."




CONSISTENCY.

(Dedicated to the Trustees of the American Museum of Art.)

BID Echo's voice be still,
Write the music for the rill
In monotones,
Till Monday.

Guard the Butterfly's repose,
And sharply warn the Rose
To keep her buds
Closed on Sunday.

* * *



JUDGING from Germany's treatment of the Samoans, Prince Bismarck's studies must have included so much at least of American history as describes the treatment of the aborigines by the people of the United States. There is nothing much the matter with the Samoans, except that German merchants think that they could use the islands to greater advantage in their business if they owned the King. The United States happens to be so placed that it must insist that Germany shall not crowd the Samoan aborigines without observing proper formalities; but how little heart the Administration has had in the business is apparent enough from the way matters have run on. Within two years the Samoans have had three kings, and the United States three consuls in the field, and the disturbances merrily continue. Now, however, the warships begin to gather, and the increasing expense of the dispute will doubtless lead to its settlement.

* * *

WHAT a curious disregard of public opinion is shown by the Haytians, not in their dealings with American merchant steamers, but in their neglect of their opportunities to make money! Instead of exporting sixty million dollars worth of stuff annually, as Hayti did when French masters bossed the negroes, now its exports only reach fifteen millions. The Haytian doesn't want to work, and there is no one to make him. The climate is so mild that a little shelter is enough for him. He has no coal bill to pay, nor any plumber. Food doesn't have to be raised for him; it grows. He loves fine clothes, and gratifies his desire for them by joining the National guard. He makes his wife work a little, and the few simple luxuries that he needs he can procure with the proceeds of her labor. When the times are dull he starts a revolution, and there is every reason to believe that he enjoys life.

BUT the Haytian policy seems to be open to one objection. It is not very clear that it is progressive. If not—if the people are lapsing into that condition of ease known as "barbarism"—the island will be rediscovered some day, and then—traders, missionaries, line of steamers, Sunday-schools, warehouse, hard work, taxes, aldermen, policemen, station-houses, jails, Sunday papers, and all the other evils of civilization.

It would pay the Haytians to start up a little on their own account, lest a worse thing happen to them.

* * *



OUR good friend Elliott Shepard declared war again on the 19th of January. It is not judicious of him to remind the Southrons of his kindness to them after the last thrashing he gave them. To recall such instances of misplaced confidence merely lures them on to trespass further on his good nature.

Mr. Stevenson, in his latest story, tells about a pirate who, in emergencies that called for a display of disciplinary energy, chewed glass, and came on deck with gums reeking with blood and bad language. There is an example for the Colonel. When he talks war, let him serve out rations of glass to all his editors, and see that every man chews his share and writes a war editorial while his chops are dripping.

* * *

WHAT a great opening that is for fancy farmers which Prof. Charles Eliot Norton pointed out the other night to certain Croesi of the Metropolis! To dig up Delphi could hardly be a more expensive luxury than to raise prize potatoes in New Jersey or Westchester, while the possibilities of renown, if not emolument, are immensely better in Greece.

If New York doesn't take up Mr. Norton's offer, let her keep an eye on Chicago to see how she snaps at it.

* * *

THAT is an interesting newspaper discussion that Reverends Rainsford and Donald have started about free pews in churches. Mr. Rainsford has all the sentiment on his side, except—the business sentiment of the church-owners.



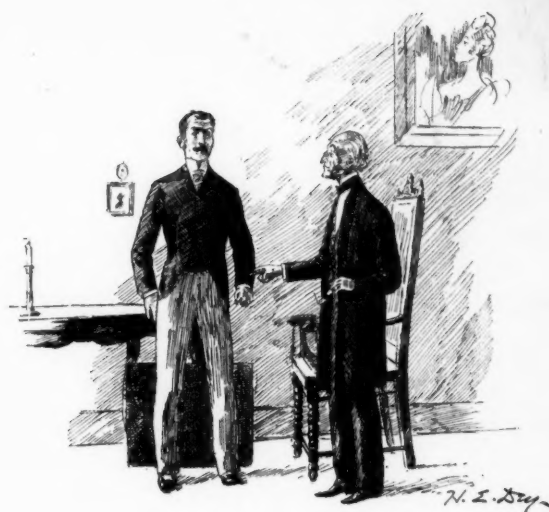
TO HIM; TO HER.

THEY sit in hammock swinging,
The birds their notes are singing:
A rustling of the leaves o'erhead
Is Cupid's tread
To him;
To her,
A rustling of the leaves o'erhead.

They watch the heaving ocean,
He swears a life's devotion:
A murmuring as the winds pass by
Is Cupid's sigh
To him;
To her,
A murmuring as the winds pass by.

His vow to live in hermit's den,
(That same old fiction told again):
A broken heart and all the rest
Is Cupid's jest
To her;
To him,
A broken heart and all the rest.

Irving S. Underhill.



BLISS DEFERRED.

"YOU FORBID ME, THEN, TO CHERISH ANY HOPE OF WINNING YOUR DAUGHTER?"

"FOR THE PRESENT, YES. HOWEVER, DO NOT DESPAIR. MARRY NICELY, DEVOTE YOURSELF TO THE CULTURE OF A SON SUITABLE TO SUCH AN ALLIANCE, AND I SEE NO REASON WHY OUR FAMILIES SHOULD NOT BE UNITED IN THE FUTURE."

CLIQUEES.

FIRST PHILADELPHIAN
(leaving summer hotel): Farewell, dear. I do hope fate may bring us together again in one of our many summer resorts.

SECOND PHILADELPHIAN: Yes, dear. Or if not—why—we may meet in Heaven.

A TIME WHEN MONEY IS NO OBJECT.

"VELL," said Mr. Isaacstein to his clerk as he took off his coat, "how vos peezniss vile I vos oud?"

"I sold a two-dollar pistol," replied the clerk.

"Dot vas goot, Jacob—goot."

"De shentleman wanted it to blow his brains oud," continued Jacob.

"Oh!" said Mr. Isaacstein, dubiously, "dot vos bad, very bad. He would haf paid five tollars."

COUNCIL BLUFFS—Legal technicalities.

BOOKISHNESS

A NEW NOVEL, AND MAX O'RELL'S BOOK.

THERE are some very attractive things about the story entitled "When a Man's Single" (Harper's), by J. M. Barrie. The great defect is that it does not live up to the promise of the opening chapters. One would like to linger throughout the whole story among the odd characters in the Scotch village of Thrums—the philosophic stone-breaker, the reflective mole-catcher, and *Rob Angus*, the saw-miller who read Homer. It is hard to understand why a novelist should take *Rob* (with his fine manliness and love of good literature for its own sake) away from the healthy and independent occupation of sawing timber where "the burn rins through the saw-mill," and make of him a hack-writer on a London newspaper. The irony of it all is that the author believes he has pictured a fine rise in life for *Rob*, and leaves him at last, with a benediction, as an editorial writer engaged to a haughty Colonel's daughter.

Rob Angus was worthy of a better fate, and one may fancy that, as he sits at his desk, day after day, grinding out copy and struggling to support the pride of a Colonel's daughter on a modest salary, there come to him many alluring memories of the mill by the burn-side, where the wind blew softly over the heather, and he was free to follow his own best thoughts. As a saw-miller he might have been a philosopher and poet, without the necessity of writing. Now he is a cog-wheel in a great machine, which must turn its daily round independently of any single man's will.

MAX O'RELL'S book about America, entitled "Jonathan and his Continent" (Cassell), will be read by the hosts of our countrymen who will never see a copy of Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," or, if they should see it, would never cut the leaves. To them the Frenchman's book will seem very clever, and, for the most part, true. And, frankly, he has caught the popular, metropolitan view of our country. He does not take us seriously, but with a kind of dazed admiration for our rapid growth, big enterprises, and great wealth. He seems to have been fascinated by the quickly-changing and often grotesque panorama of our nervous life.

Most city-bred Americans are victims of the same pleasant hallucination. To tell them and Max O'Rell that they admire and praise in America precisely those things which cause a thoughtful minority the most anxiety, would excite good-humored ridicule—for they are "good-humored" under all circumstances. That is why even the "thoughtful minority" believes in the future of the country. Many things may be wrong now, but a good-humored people can be reasoned with—and their healthy intelligence will in the end see what is wrong and right it.

THIS is the kind of book about America which a bright but superficial observer might write after spending an

hour a day for a month in the smoking-room of several clubs in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Washington. A Manhattan cocktail or a good cigar produce every day reams of social and political philosophy like this. It was Max O'Rell's good fortune to make his observations under agreeable circumstances. He has been infected with American heartiness, he has meant to be fair, and has certainly been complimentary. He has been good enough to say that "two or three huge colored pictures, done in the crudest style, disfigure" several of our contemporaries which may be nameless; but that there are "several other publications, such as *LIFE*, written in a light, sparkling style, and ornamented with little, fine, tasteful illustrations, which concern themselves with the sayings and doings of higher American society—little stories, anecdotes, *bons mots*, material for a merry hour. Admirable are these papers which know how to be comic, witty and bright, without being objectionable or unfit to put into the hands of a girl in her teens."

Anything which we have written above is not meant to cast doubt upon the truth of this last observation.

* * *

TO those who fear that, after all, the United States is little more than Max O'Rell has pictured it, we commend Mr. Bryce's serious and thoughtful study of our institutions. He has discovered beneath our materialism some things which are not bought with gold, and which are better foundations for a happy future.

Droch.



IN BOSTON.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING, AGATHA?"
 "WEADIN'."
 "AND WHAT ARE YOU READING?"
 "WOBERT ELSMERE."

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

MR RANDOLPH HENRY SPENCER CHURCHILL, well known in this country as the son-in-law of Lord Leonard Jerome, of Jerome Park, will celebrate his fortieth birthday on the 13th of next month, if Providence and the Whitechapel murderer spare him until that day. Mr. Churchill is also known in England, in several parts of which he resides, and his public career, is illustrative of how much a man of energy may accomplish in living down a bad name. Not that Mr. Churchill's immediate ancestors were unusually disreputable for members of the British nobility, but that the first family title was secured some two hundred years ago by the sale of a daughter of the house, without the usual transfer of a marriage certificate. Mr. Churchill has also been compelled to struggle against the disastrous influence of his elder brother, who is also known here as the present husband of the former consort of the late Lord Hammersly, one of the hereditary Dukes of Fifth Avenue, and also as the Earl of Marlborough, said brother being a person who cares little for public or private decency.

As a child, Randolph was tractable. He never cried for his brother's title; he never evinced a taste for playing in the alley with rude boys; he never put bent pins in his teacher's chair; he never made a nuisance of himself on Guy Fawkes's Day or the 4th of July. When he was at Merton College, Oxford, he was a student of Tom Brown, rather than of Tom Jones, and endeavored to emulate the careers of the good boys in Mr. Hughes's book, rather than the bad ones in Mr. Fielding's, before he left college.

At the early age of twenty-five years Mr. Churchill entered the House of Commons as the representative of Woodstock; but he did not evince the pugnacity and noisiness that made his fame as a poli-



LIFE'S GALLERY OF BEAUTIES. No. 3.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

tician for several years, since which time he has made ample amends for his previous quietude. He made so much noise, indeed, as a member of the "Fourth Party" that when Salisbury's Government came in Mr. Churchill was made Secretary of State for India to keep him quiet. At one time it was feared that the mantle of Beaconsfield would fall upon Mr. Churchill; but he managed to get out from under it, though he has been Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons.

Mr. Churchill would probably be a greater man to-day if he had not tried to be a greater man too soon; but he is an example to all young men who desire to dress well, his tailors making him a model man in this respect. He also smokes the best cigarettes, and has been an authority upon the construction of the American cocktail ever since the visit to England of his wife's uncle, the late Lawrence Jerome, Duke of Delmonico's, four years ago.

At present Mr. Churchill is in a desperate quandary as to which side of the political fence to get down upon, and upon his success in solving this problem his future career depends.



AT THE LAST MOMENT.

Stage Manager (to Amateur Villain): REMEMBER, MR. SHANKS, YOU CONCEAL YOURSELF IN THIS TRUNK.



CONCEALED.

A NINE DAYS' WONDER—Why the proverb-fiend didn't make it ten.

ON HIS LAST LEGS—The Kangaroo.

A GHOST OF A SHOW—The Living Skeleton.



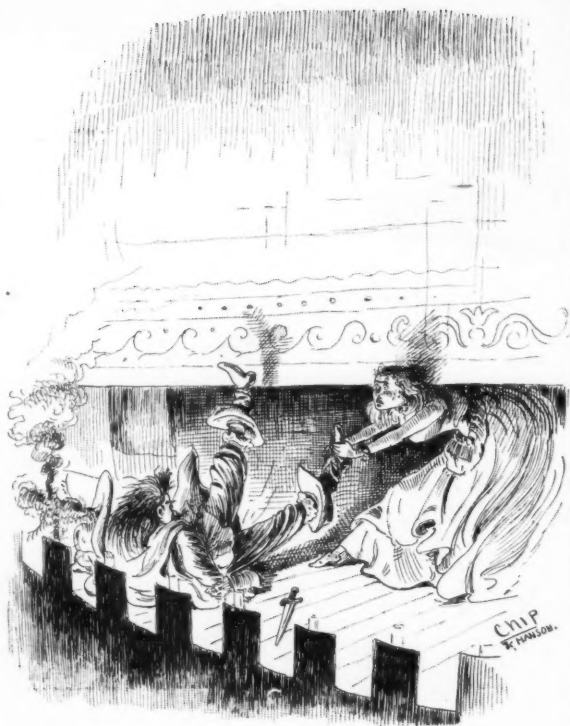
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PRESENCE OF MIND.

Elvira: OH, REGINALD! MY LOVE! MY—
Reginald (passionate, but inexperienced): T-TOO LATE, EL-
 VIRA; FAREWELL! WITH THIS BLOW I END MY EARTHLY WOES!
 (*Stabs himself. Curtain. Tremendous applause.*)

Elvira (sotto voce): YOU CHUCKLE-HEADED FOOL! WHAT DO
 YOU WANTER DIE OUTSIDE THE CURTAIN FOR?



MR. MACBETH'S WIFE.



MRS. LANGTRY is really be-
 coming an actress.

We have long regarded her as entirely a sensationalist and a money-seeker, and have therefore scoffed at her, and reviled her, and lampooned her for debasing dramatic art. Now that she shows the conscientiousness and the willingness to work which characterize the true artist,

her endeavors deserve and ought to receive recognition.

It is too soon to affirm that Mrs. Langtry is a genius, or that she is to be mentioned in the same breath with the great women of the stage. Nevertheless, under Charles Reade's definition of genius as the capacity for taking infinite pains, her latest production gives her a chance to be numbered among the immortal ones.

That fine old bug-a-boo play, "Macbeth," is the channel of her endeavor, and to the portrayal of *Lady Macbeth* Mrs. Langtry certainly brings a considerable amount of intelligence and earnestness of purpose. There is in it much to commend and nothing that offends—which latter is in itself a very important attainment in these days of crude genius in great parts.

Hers is emphatically a feminine *Lady Macbeth*, and the Amazonian qualities which draw from her husband the complimentary remark about her bearing only men children, have no part in her physical rendering of the character. She leaves entirely behind her the traditional deep voice and masculinity of make-up.

The public will undoubtedly make a comparison between

the performance of Mrs. Langtry and her company, and that of Mr. Abbey's combination who are murdering "Antony and Cleopatra" across the way.

"Macbeth" does not bend easily to the introduction of spectacular effects, and the worst defects in Mrs. Langtry's production are those which come from overstraining in this direction. Nevertheless, she is not to be blamed if she shares the same judgment shown by John Stetson when he insisted on reinforcing the Passion Play by having twenty-four apostles instead of the scriptural twelve. If the public will be greedy-eyed it must take the consequences.

Metcalfe.

"THE INCONSTANT," at Daly's, continues to be a joy to lovers of old comedy. Mr. Drew bears the brunt of the battle, and he does it with a grace and vigor that enlist the warmest sympathies of the audience with the fortunes of *Young Mirabel*.

His scene among the assassins, with its swift transitions from tragedy to comedy, is a masterly piece of acting.



Aspiring Author: OF COURSE YOU ARE FOND OF POETRY, ARE YOU NOT, MISS WHIPPERLY?

Miss Whipperly: MY MAID IS, I BELIEVE; BUT LET US TALK OF SOMETHING SERIOUS; TELL ME ALL ABOUT THE ENTRIES FOR THE DOG SHOW.

WHIST.

"UNLUCKY am I when 'tis turned for the trump,
And into my boots goes my heart with a thump."

"Impossible, madam, say it who may—
Multum in parvo? Nay, nay, nay!"

L. L. White.

ITS REDEEMING FEATURE.

"OH, the terrible pawnshops!" said the actress to Paperwate, who had rescued her diamonds. "What tales of misery those places could unfold had they tongues!" "Even a pawnshop has its redeeming feature," responded Paperwate.

"What is it, I'd like to know?"

"The ticket."

THE BUNCO-STEERER'S MISTAKE.



CURIOUSLY enough, it was at that season of the year when New York is thronged by visitors, most of them merchants who were in the great metropolis to purchase business supplies for the winter, that a carelessly dressed, undersized and slender man, wearing a black beard, looked carefully over the register of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and then walked down the broad corridor to the street, gazed about

him as if undecided which way to turn, and finally wandered off rather aimlessly in the direction of the Twenty-third Street elevated railroad station.

A young gentleman, attired in the height of fashion, was sauntering slowly toward the hotel at the same time. His air was *distingué*, and his features bore that impress of nonchalant repose that characterizes the well-bred man of the world. He had hardly passed the carelessly dressed little man when a third person hurried by and whispered in the ear of the fashionably attired gentleman:

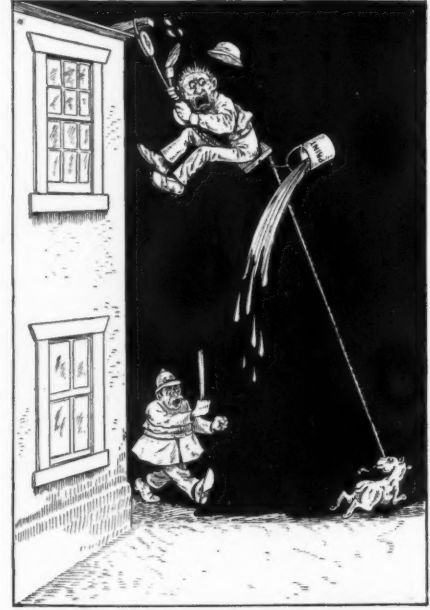
"That's the man! Hurry up!"

None of the passers-by noticed this action, and the man to whom the words were addressed seemed to pay no attention to them. Nevertheless, he turned about a moment afterward, hastened his steps, and got on a Twenty-third Street car that was tending toward Sixth Avenue. He kept his eye on the sidewalk, however, and when the car had gone half a block past the little man with the black beard, he jumped off, ran to the sidewalk and walked rapidly up the street to meet him.

"Why, how are you, Mr. Suckerson?" he said. "When did you leave Oshkosh?"

The little black-bearded man seemed a trifle surprised, but impressed with the appearance of the other.

THE ELEVATED PAINTER AND THE PLAYFUL DOG.



"I left Oshkosh several days ago," he said; "but you will pardon me if I fail to remember you."

"What! don't you remember me? I'm the boy you used to know as little Tom Bunco, the son of John G. Bunco, President of the First National Bank of Oshkosh."

"Why, of course I remember you now," said the little black-bearded man, shaking the other's hand heartily. "How are your father and mother?"

"They were doing quite nicely when I heard from them last," responded the younger gentleman; "but have you anything particular on hand for this morning? I have just won a valuable oil-painting in a lottery, and would like to have you take a look at it."

The little black-bearded man happened to have nothing on hand for that morning, and he readily accompanied his newly-found friend to a rather shabby building in East Tenth Street.

Here several more well-dressed young men were found, and a game of cards was proposed. The son of the Oshkosh banker had soon won several hundred dollars, and the little man with the black beard was regarding the players with much eagerness depicted on his countenance when a further nice young man entered the room. So soon as he caught sight of the little black-bearded man he threw up his hands and screamed:

"Great Heavens, boys! Run for your lives! That's Jay Gould!"

A wail of anguish rose to the ceiling, and Tom Bunco and his friends made a desperate effort to escape.

Five minutes afterward their watches and pocket-books were in Jay Gould's possession; a mortgage had been foreclosed on the building; the store and furniture removed under a writ of execution; the books and cards sold for waste-paper; and the little man with the black beard was on his way to Baxter Street with the clothes of Mr. Bunco and friends over his arm.



AN APPROPRIATE COSTUME.

MRS. S.: Shall we call on the Wetherbee's to-night, my dear?

MRS. S.: No; I have nothing to wear.

MR. S.: Oh, then we'll go to the opera.



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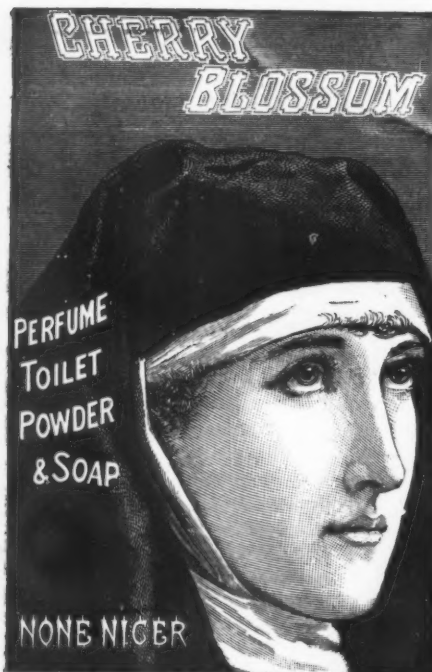
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AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

MISS BLETCHERE: Here's a little thing that Dickens's tossed off, papa. He calls it "Her Tryst."
PAPA (critically): Wouldn't "His Twist" be better, Bletch? I see he makes "flageolet" rhyme with "hamlet."—Time.

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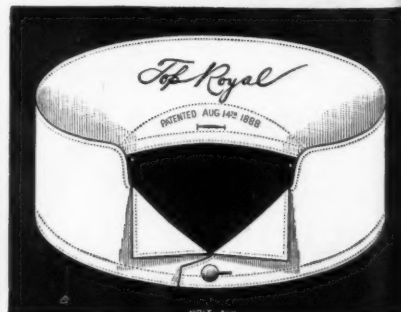
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Special

In response to the request of many well-known Americans, who wish their merits to be shared by every one, Beecham's Pills are now being introduced into the United States through their agents, Messrs. B. F. ALLEN & Co., 365 & 367 Canal St., N. Y. Druggists generally keep Beecham's Pills, but where they do not, send 25c. direct to B. F. Allen & Co., and receive a sample box by return mail.

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no other. Nearly every grocer from Maine to keeps it in stock. If yours hasn't it, he will order it from his nearest wholesale grocer. AD carefully the inside wrapper around each bar, and be careful to follow directions on each wrapper. You cannot afford to wait longer trying for yourself this old, reliable, and truly

Dobbins' + Electric + Soap.

THE PASTOR: You remember me, don't you, Polly?

THE PARROT: Remember you? Reckon I do! You're the copper-toed heretic who preaches so long that good little Tommy wishes you'd die.

And it was many long days before his mother learned that Tommy had been giving that bird daily lessons.—*Time*.

RAILWAY SUPERINTENDENT (to car inspector): Any of the cars out of order?

"Yes; No. 412 is unfit for service."

"Well, use it only for excursions after this."—*Lincoln Journal*.

POLICEMAN: Hullo, sir! What are you doing here?

ENTHUSIASTIC MUSICIAN (who is mistaking a doorstep for the key-board of an organ): C-c-carn'tcher hear? I'm p-p-playin' (hic) Bach's Fugue in E Minor! Don'tcher know B-Bach's Fugue in E Minor?

POLICEMAN: No, sir; never heard of him. Come along, and let me see you home, sir.

ENTHUSIASTIC AMATEUR: No; go away. I (hic) wouldn't be seen going home with a man that don't know B-Bach's Fugue in (hic) E Minor!—*Punch*.

HE: The music was so loud that I couldn't hear myself talk.

SHE (bored): Oh, how nice!—*Yankee Blade*.

MRS. GUSHINGTON: Why, Julia, what makes you look so down-hearted?

JULIA: My servant has left me, and my poor old mother, who is just barely recovered from an attack of rheumatism, is compelled to do all the housework.—*Texas Siftings*.

"PAPA, I wish you'd whip me a little."

"Why, then?"

"Because, when you whip me, mamma gives me pears."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

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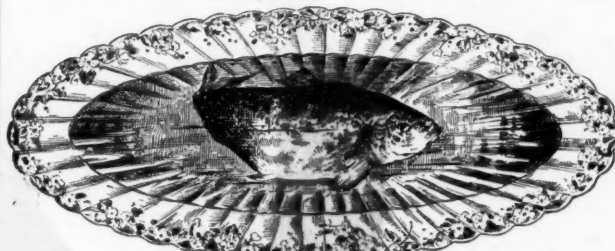


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SOME FIGURES

December 31st, 1888.

Losses Paid since Jan. 1, 1888,	\$346,689 77
" " " Incorporation,	\$1,374,698 75
Number of Losses Paid since Jan. 1, 1888,	3,220
" " " Incorporation,	12,420
Death Losses Due and Unpaid,	None
Weekly Indemnity Due and Unpaid,	None

Half a million dollars saved to its members in 1888, in reduced cost of accident insurance.

Cost of \$5,000 in case of death by accident, with liberal indemnity for loss of sight or limb, about \$15.00 per year, which may be paid in one payment or in installments of \$2.00 each.

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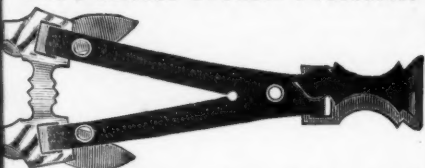
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HE: Become mine, Louise, and through life I will
treat you like an angel.
SHE: That means nothing to eat and nothing to
wear. I don't like the idea.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

AFTER the dinner. "Here, waiter! my hat."
"What kind of a hat is it, mein Herr?"
"It is a new top hat."
"Ah, mein Herr, all the new hats have been gone
for half an hour."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

WIFE: Now, Charles, this is the fourth time I
have found you in the kitchen talking to the hired
girl.

HUSBAND: Well, yes; I—I think it is.
WIFE: Well, the next time I catch you talking to
the girl, I'll discharge her and do the cooking myself.
That cured him.—*The Spotted Cayuse.*



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